TOO SMALL ORCHESTRAS.

Musicians Who Accuse Some New York

Managers of Penariousness.

Members of the Musical Mutual Protec

tive Union are loud in their praise of Mr.

Henry Irving as a substantial and apprecia-

tive patron of the art, and they take pride in

announcing his election as an honorary mem-

At the same time they speak of the penuri-

ousness of some concert, eperatic and theatri-

cal managers here in employing small and

inadequate forces of musicians in the orches-tras under their control.

Leading members of the union who were at their headquarters in East Fourth street

to-day severely criticised some of the man

have larger forces than are now employed.

NEVER LEARN HOW TO GET A CAR.

Third Avenue Driver.

Park row this morning as a Third avenue

surface car passed, flourished her shopping

I sin't got no wheelbarrow, mum!"

He was an old and weather-beaten driver

"It do beat the divil," he commented to

What They Stole.

[From Harper's Basar.] ! Darringer, I hear that some robbers broke

nto your house last night. What did they steal?"
"Nothing, Bromley. They didn't get further

than the vestibule. My son came home at midnight and they ran. Well, yes; they did steal several things."
"What?"
"The house-dog, a spring-gun I had set for them and the burgiar alarm."

Practical Warning at the Wagner Society.

[From Puck.] Long-Haired Enthusiast—Ah, what ecstasy and

delicious joy to be wafted heavenward on the glorious strains of dear old Wagner!

Cold-blooded Philistine (an invited guest)— That's all right, Slocum; but you're not losing sight of the fact that it's nearly midnight, and raining quite hard, and you know you have a long journey before you to Newark!

A Busy Day. [From the Omaha World.] ter-You are late for lunch

Eminent Physician-Yes. I had to finish my mag-

mine article on "The Laws of Health" so as to

get it into the next mail. What have you to-day?
"Hot rolls, clams, plum pudding, apple dumplings, mince ple and fruit cake,"
"Bring 'em all."

Riker's Compound Dandelion Pills

the best LIVER Pills you can take. No Mercury, Aloes, no Jalap. Box (30 pills), 15c.

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC CO.

bag at the driver frantically.

ber of their organization.



father, Mr. Edward Livingston. The whole of Delmonico's has been engaged. The decorations will be on a much more elaborate scale than even at the Morris ball. The entire walls of the ballroom will be hung with the clematis vine alter nated with pink and white roses. Klunder will use the Madame

Paris, the La France, the Gabrielle Louzet, Catherine Mermet and Anna Alexieff roses for this purpose. Mrs. Frederick Satterlee, a cousin of Mr. Livington, will receive the guests. Miss

Clarisse H. Livingston will wear a simple white tulle gown. Mr. Elliot Roosevelt will lead the german with Miss Livingston for his partner. The favors will be small baskets with high handles and long pink ribbons attached, filled with white violets, pink roses and lilies of the valley. Lander's and the new Hungarian band of the Eden Musee, with Erdelyi Naczi for leader, will play alternately

during the evening.

Invitations to the number of 1,500 were ismed. The invitations include the follownamed persons:

Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, Miss Martha

One of the largest weddings of the season is yet to take place. It will be that of Miss Winthrop and Mr. Julian H. Kean. The wedding reception will be at the home of Mrs. R. Winthrop in Fifth avenue on Jan. 12.

Mrs. Walker Breese Smith. Mrs. Coleman Drayton and Mrs. F. R. Jones will receive the great the first statement of the create the content of the content of

brayton and Mrs. F. R. Jones will receive the guests at the first cotillon next Thursday evening at Delmonico's.

Mrs. A. B. Reid, of 121 Madison avenue, will give a reception and dinner on Thurs-day.

Mr. and Mrs. David Lyall and Miss Lyall will give a reception early in January.

Mrs. Paul E. Rasor and the Misses Jenkins
will give a tea on Saturday afternoon, Dec.
17. at their home, 250 West Fifth-seventh

Mrs. Frederick Baker, of 815 Fifth avenue. will give a dance on Thursday evening, Dec

The Terrace Bowling Club will meet on Thursday, Jan. 19. for the first meeting for

this season.

Mrs. Oliver Harriman, of 24 West Fifty seventh street, gave a dinner of twenty-four covers last evening in honor of her daughter. The table was banked with pink roses.

The table was banked with pink roses.

Mrs. Bradford, of 21 Waverley place, will give a reception on Monday.

Mrs. Morris, of 36 Washington square, will give a dinner for sixteen guests on Tuesday

evening.

Mrs. Samuel J. Colgate, of 4 West Sixteenth street, will give a reception on Wednesday, Dec. 14.

Judge and Mrs. Daly, of 84 Clinton place, will give a tea on Friday, Dec. 16.

Mrs. Alfred Young, of 7 East Fifty-sixth street, will give a musicale on the afternoon of Dec. 19.

Dr. and Mrs. Janeway will give a tea on Dec. 30 at their home, 8 West Eighteenth

street.

A notable society event will be the wedding, on Jan. 3, of Mr. William Manice, who is a general favorite in New York, and Miss Sallie Remsen. It will take place at St. Mark's Church. The Rev. Dr. Joseph H.

Rylance will officiate. The church will be

Rylance will officiate. The church will be decorated with palms, ferns, and many cut flowers. The marriage will take place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. E. A. Nichols, of 16 Thirty-ninth street, will give a dance on Tuesday evening.

Miss Eleanor Winslow is visiting Mrs. Townsend Burden, of 5 Madison square.

Mrs. Francis Baker, of 13 East Seventy-fourth street, will give a reception on Tuesday afternoon.

day afternoon.
Mrs. Newbold Morris, of 19 East Sixty fourth street, will give a reception on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Charles Remsen, of 11 West Ninth

Mrs. Charles Hemsen, of 11 West Minth street, will give a dinner to fourteen guests on Thursday. Pinnsd will serve. Mrs. R. Valentine, of Newark, N. J., will give a large luncheon on Thursday. Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer, of 117 East Twenty-first street, will give a reseption this afternoon, to which 1,300 guests have been invited." Mrs. Henry Draper, Mrs. John W. Alexander, Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Babcock will assist in receiving.

Alexander, Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Babcock will assist in receiving.

Mrs. Henry Beste, of 367 Lexington avenue, who gave a reception last winter to introduce Miss Georgina Ofiataria, her ward, will receive her friends again this afternoon.

Mrs. James Betts Metcalf will assist in receiving.

Mrs. Pierre Humbert, Mrs. J. E. Martin, of 42 East Sixty-second street; Mrs. J. Ricketts Lawrence, of 246 East Eighteenth street; Mrs. S. B. Schieffelin, of 958 Madison avenue, and Mrs. Woodward, of 6 Gramercy park, will all give receptions this afternoon.

Read a reporter's experience on an ocean tupboat in the Sunday WORLD.

HAVANA'S CIGAR FACTORY LOCK-OUT.

Trade in New York Not Likely to be Affected Should It Last Six Months.

The cable brings the news this morning that the locked-out cigar-makers at Havana have signified their willingness to submit their grievances to arbitration by the Government, and that a speedy end of the difficulty is looked for.

The lock-out affects between seven and cight thousand men, and has resulted in a total suspension of the cigar-making industry in Havana.

Thus far, according to New York manufacturers of Havana cigars, the trouble has not affected the trade in this country, nor is it likely to

not affected the trade in this country, nor is it likely to.

The senior member of Lozano, Pendas & Co. said to-day to a World reporter.

"The strike first occurred in Ramon & Allone's manufactory at Havana, the employees demanding that the firm sign a contract or agreement granting them steady employment for a veer.

tract or agreement granting them steady employment for a year.

"At the same time the hands employed by Pedro Murias and Cortins & Gomez struck for higher wages—an advance of \$1 or \$2 a thousand. Both demands were refused, and the men in the three factories—the largest in Havana—went out.
"The manufacturers at Havana are well

organized, and in order to sustain the firms mentioned they locked out all hands. There is stock enough on hand to supply all de-mands for six months, and should the fac-tories remain closed that length of time the

tories remain closed that length of time the manufacturers can get along without serious loss of money or trade. \* The men are also well organized. They have been receiving from \$12 to \$40 per 1,000 for making cigars, according to size and quality.

for making cigars, according to size and quality.

"The packers also have a grievance and are out. They demanded that but one apprentice be permitted in each establishment every three years.

"All hands are Cubans and Spaniards, with a sprinkling of Chinese. The difficulty does not affect us here, nor does it affect the European contracts for cigars entered into every year by the Havana manufacturers."

Capturing Them Unawares.

[From Puck.]
Mr. Longhair — Are you the gentleman who writes reading notices which begin with some-thing of startling interest and end with a patent edicine advertisement?

Writer-I do work of that sort occasionally, sir. Mr. Longhair—Well, I wish you would get me up something about a prize-fight, or a trunk murder, or a church scancal, or anything the public are especially interested in, and then spring on them: "Are you prepared to die?" "What will you do to, be saved?" "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth," &c. I'm a tract distributor.

A Lucky Dog.

Brown—You're a lucky dog, Rebinson. So you married a girl worth half a million dollars in her own right.
Robinson (rather more sadly than the circum-

stances seem to warrant)—Yes.

Brown—You ought to put up the drinks.

Robinson—All right, old man. Just wait while I
run into the house and see if I can get a dollar.

A Natural Consequence

[From Harper's Basar.]
Magistrate—If I discharge you this time, Uncle Uncle Rastus—Well, yo' honah, of yo' discha'ges me Sispect I'il go off.

W. B. RIKER & SON, 353 6th ave., N. Y. City.
GENTS: Please send me (6) six more bottles of you
SARRAPARILLA, for which you will find postal note in Custer Station, N. P. R. R., Montana Territory.

ALL BEFORE A MAIDEN FAIR.

DISTRESSING SCENE ON FIFTH AVENUE UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

One White Woolly Dog Without a Platform, One Dudelet and One Dog with a Curlet Tail All Tangled Up at a Critical Mo-Owner Suppressed-All Finally Screne



NDER the glitter of the electric lights, a resplendent little dude was progressing up Fifth avenue. He was young for the serious position which he had assumed in the realm of dudery, but he grappled vigorously with his burdensom

responsibilities. He was a featherweight dudelet, and he was walking rapidly, almost with nervous haste. His nose was in the air, and he held

a huge cane with deadly determination. The calm repose, so much akin to weary disdain, which veneers the master dude, was not his. He was eager-even brisk. This is a "missed cue" to which incipient dudedom is ex-

posed. But he was young.

As he neared Twenty-third street a man was walking in front of him. In the man's immediate vicinity circulated a pair of dogs. They never separated more than a yard, but they sometimes approached nearer than that, One was a little woolley white dog as full of sweetness as a poet's thoughts. Sometimes this little dog is imitated by art, and stands on a platform which runs on wheels. The art dog looks so much like nature, and the natural dog looks so much like art that the platform with the wheels is almost the only leans of surely discriminating them. This little dog had no platform.

The other dog exhibited was a Willoughby pug. His tail was curled so tightly over his back that it must have been a strain on the roots, and a stimulus to thought.

roots, and a stimulus to thought.

The dude, the Willoughby pug and the woolly white dog presented a study in gait worthy of a philosopher's consideration. There was a family resemblance in the three. It lay in their joyous briskness. It didn't amount to much and it was joggy, but it was soothing and had its uses as a mild antidote to misanthropy.

At this juncture Fate brought into the plane of these three lives—the dude's and the two other little dogs'—"a maiden fair to see" just ahead.

The little dude concentrated himself so that he might coruscate with a little bewitching

The little dude concentrated himself so that he might coruscate with a little bewitching dazzle as he trotted by her.

Just then the dude's off leg seemed to enter into a combination with the brace of dogs. The dude stumbled, the Willoughby pug stood for a brief moment impetuously on his head and the white woolly dog made a spasmodic spurt that gave his nervous system a violent wrench.

The dudelet lifted his legs wildly. He struck out with them, trying to regain his

The dudelet lifted his legs wildly. He struck out with them, trying to regain his elastic stiffness. The little dogs tumbled around in a series of mixtures as great as can be effected by two.

Some occult law seemed to make the gyrations of the little dogs dependent on the the movements of the dudelet's leg. They clung to it like ivy to an aged monument. He shook it in the air. He only shook off a pair of barks pitched in different keys, one a soprano agitato, the other a baritone chest note.

soprano agitato, the other a baritone chest note.

The dogs were there. So was the dude, The maiden acquired a lively interest in the complication, two messenger boys tarried in their breathless haste, and the owner of the canine pets plunged on the downward path towards profanity.

The dude became more agitated. He did not know how to get rid of this attack of dog. He stepped high, he stepped wide, he stiffened his crisp little leg in the air. The dogs remained by him like a mother's love.

The crisis deepened.

"Send for a 'cop!" said one of the messenger boys jeeringly.

senger boys jeeringly.
"No; better get an ambulance," said the

The maiden smiled under cover of her Suède glove.

"Here, you. Keep perfectly still," said the proprietor of the dogs. "I'll get 'em

off."

The dude stood trembling after a chaotic attempt to disengage his attached leg. The dogs were letting off sharp yelps. Hydrophobia and a small funeral danced before the chaotic force it is a vision on the Brocken. phobia and a small funeral danced before the dudelet's fancy like a vision on the Brocken.

The owner proceed to unwind the dogs. He made the two chasses across, balance to partners, right and left, and down the centre around the dude's leg. After a whole series of dance movements the dogs were free of the dude. He straightened out his legs, shook the wrinkles from his trousers, the

little dogs wagged their heads, the owner said something that began with D and ended with "fool," and Richard was himself again, all round. GOOD THINGS IN THE MARKETS.

Dainties in Abundance and Variety at Prices all round.

The procession continued up the avenue in its original divisions, the two little dogs still held by the string which bound their young lives temporarily together, but the dwde went springing on in the gladness of recovered to Suit Everybody's Purse.

Housekeepers find a good variety in the markets to-day, and at prices which show but slight change from last week. Spring lamb ranges from 14 to 20 cents for fore and hindquarters, and 25 cents for chops, with yearling lamb from 6 to 16 cents, according to the cut. Mutton ranges from 10 cents for cheap cuts to 18 cents for English saddle. Prime rib beef costs 16 to 18 cents, and steaks average from 12 cents for rump up to 25 cents for porterhouse, with sirloins at 15 to 18

for porterhouse, with sirloins at 15 to 18 cents. Veal is unchanged at 16 to 18 cents for loin, 10 to 14 for breast and shoulder, and 25 to 28 cents for cutlets. Pork sells at 12 cents for loins and 18 cents for tenderloins, and sausages at 12 to 16 cents.

In the poultry market fowls bring 16 cents a pound and Western poultry as low as 10 cents. Turkey are from 12 to 18 cents, ducks from 10 to 20 and Philadelphia capons 26 and Philadelphia chickens 20 cents. For game, quaits sell at \$2.50 a dozen; English snipe, \$2.25; small snipe, \$1: rail birds, \$2.50; plover, \$2.50; prairie chicken, \$1.50 a brace; woodcock, \$1.50; partridges, 75 cents to woodcock, \$1.50; partridges, 75 cents to \$1.25; canvasbacks, \$4 to \$5; red heads, \$3 to \$4; mallards, \$1.25, and common wild takes 60 to 70 cents a brace. Rabbits are heap at 30 to 50 cents a brace and venison

to-day severely criticised some of the managers.

One leader of an orchestra in a large and popular theatre said: "Mr. Irving's election as an honorary member of our union is significant in more ways than one.

"He employs in his orchestra thirty-three musicians and pays them the highest rates, while our theatrical mananers employ a scant force of eight or nine men. Good music cannot be given with such a small corps. I know of one manager who wanted to econosells at 25 cents a pound.
Fish is plentiful and comparatively cheap.
Prices are: Bluefish, 18 cents; haddock,
7; cod, 7; fresh mackerel, 20 to 30; striped-

7; cod. 7; fresh mackerel. 20 to 30; striped-bass, 18 to 30; sea-bass, 16; Oregon salmon, 40; salmon-trout, 15: Spanish mackerel, 50; flounders, 10; eels, 18; frost fish, 8; hali-but, 20, and smelts 15 cents a pound. Oysters and clams are unchanged. Lobsters are 12 to 15 cents and green-turtle 18 cents a pound. There is an abundance in the way of vege-tables, but they are not always cheap. Toma-toes are 26 cents a quart; lima beans, 25c.; spinach, 25c. a peck; onions, 30c.; turnips, 30c.; sweet potatoes, 50c.; cauliflower, 10c. to 30c. each; egg plant, 15c. to 20c.; French anchovies, 25c.; squashes, 15c. to 20c.; pump-kins, 10c. to 20c., and mushrooms, 75c. to \$1 a pound. cannot be given with such a small corps. I know of one manager who wanted to economize by dropping his viola player, saying that the trombone man would answer as well for all purposes.

"Then look at the system of hiding the musicians away in a loft, as if they were not fit to be seen and heard.

"Again, take the London and Paris concert halls and gardens. While they employ fifty and sixty musicians in an orchestra, even our operatic houses will not employ half as many.

"To make good music you have got to a pound.
Grapes can be bought as follows: Tokay,
25c.: Malagas, 10c. to 25c.: Catawbas, 35c. a
pound. Florida and Jamaica oranges are 30c.

Tokay,
25c.: Malagas, 10c. to 25c.: Catawbas, 35c. a pound. Florida and Jamaica oranges are 30c. to 60c. a dozen, and pears from 50c. to \$1 a dozen. Newtown pippins bring \$2,50 to \$6 a barrel; S now apples. \$3.50; northern spy, \$2.50; Spitzenbergs, \$2.50; Greenings, \$1.90, and Baldwins, \$2 a barrel. Some Observations on Women by an Old A woman standing on the curbstone in

Heartless Practical Joke Played by Conductor of a Cable Car.

THE CHINAMAN KEPT ON GOING.

of the typical sort. Without attempting to A cable car rumbled calmly through Washstop his horses, he held up his reins in an ington Heights yesterday afternoon. In it explanatory fashion and yelled in returns: were three ladies on their way home from the Masonic Fair, two young men going to a dinper, and a Chinese laundryman, who for THE WORLD reporter who occupied the platpurposes of euphony may be called Ah Sin. form with him. "But these women never learn how to git a cyar. I s'pose that leddy expected me to come over to the curbstone after her.

The Chinamen deposited two large bun-The Chinamen deposited two large bundles on the rear platform and watched the flying cable with deep interest.

"Him stling pullee car," said he, when asked what he was looking at. "Him velly stlong stling."

The Chinaman was apparently on his way to see Lawson N. Fuller, for he called the attention of the conductor to the One Hundred and fifty-fifth street crossing and picked up his bundles.

after her.

"That's right! That's right!" he yelled at another woman who had signalled to the upward-bound car from a crosswalk on the downtown side of a cross street. "They'll never learn that we don't stop the car with the horses standing across a street."

He waited on the upper crossing for the passenger, looking back to see if she were embarking. The woman's first duty on entering the car was to give the conductor a "piece of her mind" for the act of the driver. picked up his bundles.
"Ketch onto his jags now," said the conductor as a suspicious grin overspread his

features.
"Allee lightee; stoppee car," sang out Ah driver.
"Now, I wonder," said the old whip in a remonstrating tone. "I wonder if she thinks I can afford to pay a fine for violatin' the city ordinance just to please her?"

Sin.

The conductor threw himself upon the brake with all his strength. The car nearly stood on end with the force of the shock. stood on end with the force of the shock.

Ah Sin kept right on going, however, and,
with a bundle under each arm, he rolled
over and over until he brought up with a
whack against a lamppost.

Ah Sin arose slowly and painfully and
rubbed the mud out of his eyes. Then he
looked at the car with an expression of mingled doubt and surprise, and said: "Did him
stding bloke?"

Suggestions to Women Who Like to Dress

Well on Little Money.

[From Harper's Basar.]
The shops are filled with good wool fabrics of single color and double told, sold for 50 cents to Th cents a yard, that will make pretty and serviceable dresses for the house, and that will also be warm enough for the street when worn under a long cloak or ulster. The combination dress patterns that merchanis have arranged for holiday sales are partly of plain wool and partly of velver, either striped or barred, in similar color to that of the wool or in contrast with it. These cost from \$7.50 up to \$10 or \$15 the pattern, and come in stylish shades of blue, green or terra-cotta, with twilled surface, amooth like camel's hair, or else like the beaver diagonal serges. The green wools with green surface, smooth like camel's hair, or else like the beaver diagonal serges. The green wools with green and red velvet make pretty dresses for young women, and there are Gobelin blue shades with blue and brown velvet for 'those who are older. The fancy is to make the lower skirt of such dresses perfectly plain, and nearly cover it with a long full round overskirt. The velvet serves as part of the lower skirt, set on as a wide border, either at the edge or three or four inches above it, or else, if there is enough, it may simulate the entire lower skirt. Rows of stitching above a hem are the only finish required for the overskirt. The basque is plainly fitted, with vest, plastron, or revers of the velvet.

Garital di waists with a pointed yoke and beit are

and when well fitted they display a neat figure to good advantage. These are not the full blouses worn long ago under the name of Garibaidi shirts, but are more closely fitted, and extend below a best long enough to cover the hips, being slooed shorter on the sides and slightly longer in front than behind. They are made of faced cloth of light weight, of cashmere, of jersey cloth, and of the fine striped dannets. The yoke is usually braided with a darker shade or with black, and is done in lengthwise rows or in the favorite vermicelli pattern. The collar is a high standing band, the sleeves have no cuffs, and the belt is lapied and pointed; sometimes traiding is added on the collar, cuffs and belt. Young tadies wear bright red Garibaidi waste, while older ones choose any quet dark color that will snawer with

various skirts of other colors, also with black skirts.

More dressy jackets for the house are made of light cashmere, with a blouse vest and deep pleatings on the front and hips of Cainese crepe. The fronts of the cashmere slope open from the throat, and are cut off at the wast line like a square-cornered Eton jaket, showing the vest and the lower pleatings; the back is closely adjusted, and is as long as the crape front and sides. A pleated collar and under-sleeves of the crape are added. This is very handsome in resida cashmere with pale pink crape, or in gray-blue cashmere with oid-rose crape.

Buy the Sunday Wontp and take a glimpse into the Turkish harries with Mrs. Leto Wallace. Thirty pages for three cents.

Joe Davis's Joke on the Constable

[From the Pittebury Commercial.]
The redoubtable Joe Davis, a notorious crook wanted in several places in Ohio on various charges, returned to his old home and family a Butler last Saturday. He had been wanted there for some time on a charge of passing counterfel money. Yesterday Constable Hughes arrested him. Joe marched with the officer meek as a money. Yesterday Constable Hughes arrested him. Joe marched with the officer meek as a lamb for a time, when, apparently in sport, he begon to senffle, and dexterously relieved the officer of his revolver. In an instant the muzzle of the weapon was in close proximity to Hughes' face, and the defiant warrant, "Hands off!" came from Davis as he cooly walked off down the railroad, turning on his way to fire one abot over the town. Then, firing the remaining shots, be laid the revolver on a tie and disappeared from the gaze of the officer into the woods.

Do You Suffer

From rheumatism? If so, read the following "volun-tary tribute" from a reliable, conscientious man, which appeared in the Geneva, N. Y., Gazette, Jan. 21, 1887, entirely unknown to us till after its publication:

"Without doubt a large proportion of those who have
passed the meridian of life suffer more or less from rheu-

passed the meridian of life suffer more or less from rheu-matism. Up to three winters ago I had never known what sickness or pain was; but during the fall and winter of 1884 I had a slight attack of rheumatism, which, however, passed off towards apring, but the following winter it reappeared with greater severity. Not desiring to become crippled I thought I would try Hood's Sarsa-parilla. I took three bottles in all, and I am pleased to parilla. I took three bottles in all, and I am pleased to say the rhoumatic pains ceased, my apportie and diges-tion became better, and my general health greatly im-proved. I am firmly convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a cure in my case, as I have felt no recurrence of the blood disease." WM. SCOON, Geneva, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.
HOFMANN CONCRETS.
Under the personal direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY.
Tues., Bec. 13, at 8.18, Thurs., Dec. 15, at 3.30 o'clock.
JOSEF HOFMANN,

ompanied by Mme. HELENE HASTRETTER, Prima ma Contralto: Theo. Bjorksten, Tenor: Sig. De An-Baritone: Miss Nottle Carpenter, Violiniate: Mme. rrari, Accompaniat: Mme. Sacconi, Harpist, and olph Neuendorff's Grand Orchestra. Seats now on by Weber Grand Piano used.

ACADEMY:
TO-NIGHT, ARABIAN NIGHTS. SPECTACULAR BURLESQUE.

AR THEATRE.
Lessees and Managers. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau
LAST NIGHT OF THE ENGAGEMENT.
MR. HENRY IRVING.
MISS ELLEN TERRY,
AND THE LYOEUM COMPANY,
TO-NIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK
LOUIS XI.
and

and
"JINGLE."
".\* Next week, Miss Julia Marlows. STAR THEATRE.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.
Mr. A. M. PALMER.
Evenings at 8.30. Saturday Matines at 2. Evenings at 8.30.

SUCCESS OF ELAINE.

SUCCESS OF ELAINE.

PRESS AND PUBLIC UNITE IN PRONOUNCING

"ELAINE" THE GREATEST ARTESTICS SUCCESS OF THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

SEATS RESERVED S WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

TH AVENUE THEATRE. LAST PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT AT 8. THE BECUM.

BY THE MCCAULL OPEN TO BE COMPANY

BOAY, Dec. 13. THOLE IN THE GROUP

WALLACK'S.
Evenings at 8.15. Matines Saturday at 2.15.
FYRGRET-ME-NOT.
Characters by Mears, Osmond Tearle, Harry Edwards,
J. W. Pigott, Mine. Ponisi, Miss Netta Guion and Miss
Rose Cognian.

Rose Coghlan.

DIJOU OPERA HOUSE—EIGHTH WEEK.
RICE'S Rice4Direy's Sumptuous Production,
THE COHRAIR,
COMPANY.
65 ARTISTS. Eve's at 8 (shorp), Mav's Wed & Sata 2

THE WIFE. L YCEUM THEATRE.
Begins at 8.15.
The New Comedy,
MATINEE
BATURDAY.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin pre-

AMUSEMENTS.

CASINO.

BROADWAY AND STH ST.

EVENINGS AT 8 MATINES SATURDAY AT 2.

MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION OF

MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION OF

THE SPARKLING COMMIC OPERA

AS PERFORMED OVER 200 NIGHTS IN PARIS.

GREAT CAST. CHORUS OF 50. AUXILIARIES 50.

OCCURESTRA 25. FULL MILITARY HAND 4 BALLET

ADMISSION, 50c. SKATS SECURED IN ADVANCE.

RVERY SUNDAY EVENING Grand Popular Concert. H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE. 20c.

30c. 50c. 

th his artistic and natural character and

ROBSON AND CRANE in the great American Comedy,
in the great American Comedy,
THE HENRIETTA,
by Bronson Howard,
Evenings at 8.15. Saturday Matines at 2. Carriages,
10.45. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

EDEN MUSER, 23D ST., BET., 5TH & 6TH AVES.
New Groups, New Paintings, New Attractions,
ERDELYI NACZI
and his HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA.
Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11.
Admission to 31, 50 cents; children 25 cents,
AJEEB—The Mystifying Chess Automaton.

NIBLO'S.

Reserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50a.

Second week and encruous success.

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morrow."
"Is it—can it be true? But the other woman—my wife?"
"She's not your wife."
"Not my wife?"

himself.

He pulled himself and his reflections up on

pavement.
"That's the style, baronet." said a well-known voice. "Humanity and love for the young invariably meet the approbation of yours once more and forever, Washington C.

"you come with me to your rooms and I'll unfold the tale in due course. Nice day, ain't it? Busy place, this. Hi, cabby, you drive us to Jermyn street as fast as you can, d'ye hear?"

And with exceeding volubility of manner, Mr. Briggs pushed his companion into a han-

Robert brought in food and wine, and

coughed discreetly; but there was no re-ponse to his invitation to eat and drink, so the betook himself to other regions.

At last Edward spoke.

When was it ?" "When was what?" asked Mr. Briggs.

"When was what?" asked Mr. Briggs.
"Your marriage."
"Before yours. This woman is the one I told you of, who deceived me."
"Then my marriage with her is quite null and void?"
"It is."
"Thank God!" said Edward fervently.
"Certainly," said Mr. Briggs, speaking with his mouth full of cold beef; "and me too."

Miss Charteris, with her many aliases, has long since disappeared from Elmsea. The sight of Mr. Washington Briggs, who presented himself before her on the day whereon she was to have been married to Mr. Hemming, was too much for her, and she fied.

Mr. Hemming soon after left the village, but he has recently revisited it and taken a wife away with him in the person of Ethel Vernon.

Vernon.

As to Sir Edward, he is long since married to Diana Leighton, and has well-nigh ceased to remember the time of despondency from which he was rescued by "His Wife's Other Table 2019.

## HIS WIFE'S OTHER HUSBAND.

[BY J. S. P.] Concluded from Friday. (Synopsis of Opening Chapters.—In a little fishing village on the British coast the Rev. Godfrey Hemming was preaching his first sermon to a new charge one stormy Sunday morning. A minute gun at sea told the story of a vessel on the rocks. The minister dismissed the congregation and Joined a life-boat crew in aiding to rescue the passengers and crew on the sinking ship. He drew one half-drowned woman from the waves, and she exclaimed:

drew one half-drowned woman from the waves, and she exclaimed:
"Why, Godfrey Hemming, is it you?"
The vicar started like one shot, and stood where he was, seemingly petrified;
"Violet!" he said; "Violet—you! Is it possi-

ble !"

Edward Lascelles, the rector's friend, was about

The woman Hemming Edward Lascelles, the rector's friend, was about to marry Diana Leighton. The woman Hemming reacced was an adventuress whom Lascelles had liarried, but they separated, and he believed her dead. The woman sought out Lascelles on the eve of his wedding and told him that he was still her husband. He paid her money to let him alone and immediately left the country, without a word of farewell or explanation to Diana Leighton. Volet was in love with Hemming and resolved to win him if she could.]

hut be neath the shadow of a "great mountain, before a great fire, with a dog asleep fon the floor in front of it, two men were seated smoking by a little table on which burnt a single candle.

"Sir," said the elder of the men, puffing a great cloud of smoke from his pipe and staring monedily into the

UT in Australia, in a hut beneath the shadow of a great

ing moodily into the fire, "women are at

the bottom of every row. From Helen of Troy-nay, from Eve herself, it has ever been so. Is it a war? There's some court favorite at the bottom of it. Is it a duel? Ten to one a woman's the cause of it. Woman! Gad! there's no word hard enough to apply to

ome women."
The other man laughed. "I'm afraid you have some special grievance against the fair sex, Mr. Washington," he said.
"Perhaps I have—perhaps I haven't. Tell you what it is, baronet," he continued after a

few minutes' silence. "I'm tired of this. I'm dead beat with it, sir. I want to get out of it and go back to civilization. Grubbing for dirty gold don't satisfy me. I must have something more. I don't know how it agreed with you, strolling round with your guns and dogs, and mooning yourself yellow, but it isn't manly, and I shall drop it."

Sir Edward said nothing for a little time. The three or four months spent in this out of the-world retreat in Australia had made him look older and graver, and somehow there seemed to be a stoop in the straight shoulders, as though they carried a heavy burden.

shoulders, as though they carried a heavy burden,

"There are some circumstances which oblige a man to keep away from his own country sometimes," he said presently.

His companion, a laconic American gold-digger, looked out of his eye-corners.

"Ah," he said.
"I don't like the life here," said Edward; "but a prisoner doesn't like the three months, or three years, which he spends in Pentonville or Millbank."

Edward listened to this tirade with feelings of unqualified amusement. He rose and laid his hand on the American's shoulder.

"Briggs, I'll tell you something now."

"Whatever you please, sir."

"You've got something on your mind,"
Mr. Briggs looked astonished.

"And it's about a woman."

Mr. Briggs sank into the nearest chair and collapsed.

The little shoft driven by a more skilful

The little shaft, driven by a more skilful

and it tankled.

"You're right, baronet," he said at length

"you're right, baronet," he said at length

"you're right. Yes, 'It's all on account of
Eliza.' At least, Eliza wasn't her name, but
it'll do as well as any other. Any name would
be good enough for the party I'm thinking
of."

be good enough for the party I'm thinking of."

Edward pondered a moment.

It was a relief to find that he was not alone in having to suffer.

Mr. Brigg's case seemed one of interest.

"Tell me about it, Briggs," he said.

The American shook his head.

"It wouldn't interest you," he said, gloomily. "But I say, baronet, suppose each tells the other? Maybe we can help one another out a bit. Who knows?"

Sir Edward took up his gun and moved towards the door.

"Walk with me to my hut, Briggs," he said. "We can talk as we go."

So on the way they communed together. Sir Edward told his companion all the history of his troubles, and Mr. Briggs groaned long and loudly at their complicated state.

"It's a nasty job, baronet." he said—"a nasty job. Blame me if I don't think it's worse than mine. But what are you going to do

about it? I can't see anything. I married a woman who turned out a tartar very soon, and finally, after we were married only a month or two, set off with everything she could get hold of, while I was sick nearly to death. But there's an end of every case. Now, you want to be married to a lady—and here's the other party in the way. The woman is your wife, you see. You're cornered, I fear."

"I fear so too. You see what we have to

nered, I fear."

"I fear so too. You see what we have to pay for our youthful mistakes."

"It's queer too, is that. She was—now that's very strange."

Mr. Briggs had grown suddenly thoughtful, and he spoke as if oblivious of a second person's presence. person's presence.
"Sir Edward," he said presently, "Pm going home. See you again later on."

When he got to his hut he sat down and laughed till the tears rolled down his face.
"Ha, ha! Well, if this ain't a rum go!" he said. "I do believe Pm on the track. I've hit it—I see it all."

he said. "I do believe I'm on the track. I've hit it—I see it all."
He stopped short, and his countenance became suddenly very grave.
"It won't be any better for me, though. Never mind, it'll make the poor baronet all right. But let's see. Of course," he suddenly burst out—"divorce! That's it—why didn't I think of it sooner? Hoorsy!"
And Mr. Briggs commenced a war-dance round the but in energetic style. He snapped his fingers, executed several break-downs and committed all manner of unaccountable actions till he was fairly out of breath.
"It's wonderful," he said at last. "how one little word helps to throw light upon a subject! Ah it was quite an inspiration, my asking him that question."
When, a few days after, Sir Edward and Mr. Briggs set their faces towards England, the American was still in an excited state; he cracked his fingers, muttered strange sentences to himself and disturbed his companion's peace of mind to an eminent degree.
"There's fin waiting us in the clad." tences to himself and disturbed his com-panion's peace of mind to an eminent degree.

"There's fun waiting us in that old land of yours, baronet," he said one day. "There's immense fun. I laugh to think of it." Sir Edward stared at him.

"Briggs," he asked, "whatever is the matter with you? What is the meaning of this altered conduct? You used to be as grave as a judge out there, but now— What is it?"

"It's a secret, sir. It's worth all your money and your acres to know what I think I know to-day. You'd give your right hand to know my secret."

"What is it, Briggs? Tell me."

"No, lad, no—not yet, Some day soon, when I'm quite sure I'm right in my present suspicions, I will tell you, but not till then. But oh, what fun it will be if I am right!"

And he retired cabinwards and Edward heard him laughing heartily for a long time. But Edward himself was in no laughing humor. It was a terribly grim, earnest business for him, this going home.

He thought of his wife, and his blood boiled and his teeth met together very tightly. And then he thought of Di, and knew that he would give everything he possessed to see her again, even though they would still be separated by a wider and more impassable gulf than when he was in Australia, and she at Elmsea.

gulf than when as at Elmsea.

And then all of a sudden his brain seeme and his whole being the seeme than the seeme that the s to be set on fire, and his whole being to whirl round in a perfect tempest of wonder, for a suspicion flashed across his mind to which he could give no form in words.

If that suspicion was right, why then there was an end to all his entanglements and vexations.

He went below and found Briggs busy por-He went below and found Briggs busy poring over a map of England.

"I'm a bit puzzled with this chart of your great country, baronet," he said. "Where's this place of yours, and what do you call the country or State, or whatever it is?"

Edward pointed Oldshire out and indicated the exact position of Lascelles place.
"The American nodded.
"Exactly. Then this town"—indicating Oldborough—"will be your nearest railway station?"
"Yes."

"Yes."
"Far from your place!" "Far from your place."
"Three miles." Well, now, Sir Edward,
when we got to London you must do me a
favor. Do you lie still in town for a few
days, and let me go down to your place. And
see if I don't bring you good news when I return—that's all!"

"And suppose," said Ethel, "that Edward came back to you, Di, what would you say to him?"
"Suppose that he came back to me? He will never do that, Ethel, I am afraid, un-

less "——
"Unless what, dear?"
"Unless—I don't know, Ethel; but I don't think it is possible,"
And then the two went on through the park and spoke little.
It was evening—evening in summer, and the whole scene lay bathed in the light of the setting sum. setting sun.

The spire of St. Oriel's gleamed in the distance between the trees, and here and The spire of St. Oriel's gleamed in the distance between the trees, and here and there a red-roofed farmhouse gave a little bright color to the prevalent tint of green. Through one opening vista in the wood there was a glimpse of the sea, apparently very far off, and just now all bright with the sunset. A white sail on the blue water, a

eaguil flapping is long loose wings over the mast and the bright bit of red, white and blue, which did duty as a flag at the masthead, finished the picture.

"Why did he go?" asked Ethel. Why did he go? asked Eddel.
Di shook her head.
"I never knew, Ethel, but I am sure of one thing, and that is that Edward had a good reason for going. He gave me no word of combinition."

explanation."
"Never mind, dear," said Ethel; "it must come right in time."
They sat down beneath an old elm, whose thick branches hung low, and talked of Edexplanation.

They sat down beneath an old elm, whose thick branches hung low, and talked of Edward.

As they sat they were unaware of a man who saw them from the high-road outside and stole towards them through the trees until he was near enough to hear what they said.

"It was Christmas," Di was saying as the listener came close enough to hear, "when Edward went; I think it was four days before Christmas. Mr. Hemming had been in the parish only a little time. He had come to the hall that morning to see papa on business of some kind, and he stayed till the afternoon. He was walking back to the village, and Edward said he would walk a little way with him. I met him in the hall, just as he was taking a cigar-case out of his pocket, and he told me he was going out with Mr. Hemming, and that he should not be long away. Then he went, and I never saw him again.

"We had some people to dinner that night; but Edward never returned. I was not uneasy at first, for I thought he might have been called to the Place, and that he would come back later on. But he never came back. And oh, Ethel, it was terrible—the suspense, the uncertainty, the feeling that one didn't know where he was or why

ie was gone!"
"Yes," said Ethel.
She had never heard the facts of the case

rom Di before.

"He must come back," she said presently.

"Perhaps. At any rate, I shall trust him." "It seems very strange."
"I fancy all manner of things. I some-times think he will come back to me, and all

and felt inclined to come out of his hidingplace, and speak to the two girls, Upon
second consideration, however, he decided
that that would spoil all.

"I suppose," said Dina presently, "that
Mr. Hemming is to be married soon to Miss
Charteris. Ethel, who is Miss Charteris?"

"I don't know, Di."

"Where did she come from?"

"I don't know that either."

"I heard something about her knowing
him years and years ago,"

he suspense, the uncertainty, the feeling hat one didn't know where he was or why

will be right again."
"I am sure it will be so. Di."
The listener under the big ash-tree smiled, and felt inclined to come out of his hiding and felt inclined to come out.

Garibaldi waists with a pointed yoke and belt are the fasitionable day corsage with English women. "Yes?"
"Did she know him before he took her off

"I suppose so, from his own account."
"And they were really to be married?"
"Yes; next week, I believe."
"Next week? Really, that seems very soon. I suppose she is a good churchwoman?"
"She seems so."
There was a long yays that There was a long pause then, broke at last "Ethel," she said, "do you think Mr. Hemming really cares much for Miss Charteris?" Ethel looked surprised.

Ethel looked surprised.

"I don't know," she said; "but surely he must, seeing fahe is to be his wife. Why do you ask?"

"Because I am firmly convinced that he is about to marry her merely to save a scandal. Miss Spicer, it seems, took offence because this stranger had so much given her to do in

this stranger had so much given her to do in the parish, and she began circulating rumors about Mr. Hemming and Miss Charteris; and, of course, he heard of it; and, as he is an honorable man, what else could he do but marry her?" The two girls moved away then, and the listener, who was none other than Mr. Washington Briggs, came forth, having learnt something, and went on his way to learn more.

learn more.

Sir Edward Lascelles stood in St. Martin's lane, looking gloomily at the hurrying life about him.

Briggs had been gone some days, and the oung man had heard nothing from him. He

the curbstone to let a vehicle go by. A little child stood perilously near to the wheels; he picked it up and set it down in safety on the

Briggs." "Back again, Briggs?" "The same, sir."
"And?"
"And successful beyond all my glowing

expectations."
"Briggs!"
"Now look here, baronet," said Mr. Briggs.
"Now look here, baronet, said Mr. Briggs.

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som, and followed himself, to keep up a continuous flow of small talk till Sir Edward's rooms were reached.

"Now," said the latter, throwing himself in a chair and endeavoring to repress the agitation which had taken complete possession of him. "Now, Briggs, tell me."

Mr. Briggs looked disgusted.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Want me to tell you everything when I'm as hungry as a hunter?" Edward rang the bell.

"Some food for Mr. Briggs, Robert, quick! Now, Briggs, you have"—

"An uncommon appetite, Sir Edward,"

"Briggs, don't tease me! Don't you see how impatient I am?"

The American rose and put his hand on Sir Edward's shoulder.

"My lad, you can marry Miss Leighton tomorrow."

"I at it, can it he true? But the other

"No, sir. She's mine!"
The two sat staring at each other a long

"Your wife?"
"My wife."
"I don't understand."
"Perhaps not."

